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*ἔνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἄμιλλα
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.*

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WORDSWORTH AND BYRON.

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY, BY W. F. HENNEY, CONN., '74.

Reaction, it is obvious, is an element as essential to the poetical as to the moral and political life. Innovation in the one is in a high degree contingent on revulsion in the other, and times of war and bloodshed have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The close of the 18th century was preëminently a period of social and political convulsion. The American colonies, after a determined struggle, had achieved their independence. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars made Europe tremble to her center, and threatened an antiquated system of society already tottering to its fall. Nor was this era of convulsions in the political world barren of results in the sphere of letters. The poetry of the 18th century had been characterized by the predominance of words over thoughts, of style over substance, of the mere polish of language over the matter conveyed.

The French classical school which culminated in Pope, and fell into various degrees of degeneracy in the writings

of Blackmore and Parnel, reached its death throes in the productions of Pye and Darwin.

Then the reaction came. The world was startled by the appearance of six or seven poets, each dominating his age, and each striving with giant force to impel an uncertain public taste into the channels of his individual thought. This gifted coterie inaugurated a period in English literature more brilliant than any which had preceded it since the age of Elizabeth. Perhaps the most interesting individuals in this brilliant array of genius were Wordsworth and Byron—minds moving in widely separated spheres of thought, yet singularly united in purpose. Seldom does the literature of any language present the phenomenon of two contemporary bards, so eminent in their respective spheres, endeavoring unwittingly to effect the same innovation, yet striving through paths so divergent to attain the coveted end.

Each has bequeathed to the world a great poem; but that of the one is speculative, that of the other, representative. A brief consideration of the masterpiece of each, may serve to bring to our notice the characteristic features which distinguish these gifted contemporaries. In the "Excursion" Wordsworth proposes to set forth his views of man in his multifarious relations to nature and society. The subject is identical with that upon which Pope had expatiated a hundred years before. But Pope dealt only with abstract principles, whereas Wordsworth embodied his views in a fictitious narrative, thus clothing his reflections in a more poetical form. The predominant feature of Wordsworth's poetry is the consciousness of a mystic interchange of sympathy between man and inanimate nature; this feeling he has beautifully expressed in the "Excursion."

"He beheld the sun

Rise up and bathe the world in light; He looked—
Ocean and Earth—the solid frame of Earth

And Ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy : his spirit drank
The spectacle. Sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him ; they swallowed up
His animal being. In them did he live,
And by them did he live—they were his life."

This poem, moreover, affords us a comprehensive view of the philosophy of Wordsworth. His belief in reference to the relations of the creation to its Creator, must not be confounded with the theory of Malebranche that we contemplate nature in God. The author of "The Excursion" seems to have held views diametrically opposed to this.

By his doctrine we are lead to believe that we discern God in nature, whose various shapes and forms of beauty are but so many manifestations of His pervading presence. This poem displays not only the novel and beautiful conception of the author's philosophy, but its incoherencies and inconsistencies as well. The poet endeavors to show us that all religions are the inspiration of nature. That the various methods of worship among the diverse races of men, are due to the awe with which nature has imbued their spiritual being, and which has found expression in external manifestations as varied as the constitutions upon which it acts. Thus the Jews thought they beheld angels on the hills of Palestine, and heard Jehovah speaking in the thunder and the storm. The Greeks, also, beheld nymphs sporting in sylvan shades, and naiads gliding in the pellucid rills. The Egyptians surveyed the throne of Belus in the sparkling dome of night, and reared to heaven their massive towers on which his starry head might rest when wearied with the pomp of worlds. Yet all these beliefs, says our poet, are the same moral intuition, inspired by nature, differing only in the form of external manifestation.

But what is the element in nature which produces these effects? Simply:

"Beauty, a living presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal forms,
Which craft of delicate spirits had employed
From earth's materials, waits upon my steps,
Pitches the tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbor. Paradise and groves
Elysian, fortunate fields, like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic main; why should they be
A history only of departed things?
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe,
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple product of the common day."

It is impossible to reconcile these verses with the more orthodox lines of Wordsworth. Here we have the powers of nature deified. The universe without is one vast temple at whose shrine the impure heart may be cleansed from its evil tendencies. Paradise and the Elysian fields are simply different conceptions of the same intuitions of the spiritual harmonies of the universe. Mind and matter are not different substances, but merely different conceptions of the same substance. And this is not all; the poet has elsewhere said:

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round Ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motive and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."

Thus we have only to interpret this spirit as the Creator pervading his works, and we have the pantheism, not precisely of Spinoza or of Shelley, but rather that of Pythago-

ras. That this interpretation is the correct one may readily be inferred from the language of the poet himself. For in reference to whom else than his Creator could he express himself as

" Well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
Of all my moral being."

And this open pantheism the poet has incongruously mingled with the doctrines of christianity, and propounded the result in the maturer verses of "The Excursion." Hence it is that we have, here and there, splendidly elaborated fragments, invested with a spiritual beauty unsurpassed by anything in the language. It is only when we come to consider the poem as a whole, when we endeavor to discover the connecting link between the several stages of the work, that we begin to appreciate the maze of contrarieties which constitute the chief blemish in this great poem. We are shocked at the incoherent principles, the inconsistent systems recklessly jumbled together in a work professing on the face of it unity of purpose and harmony of design.

"The Excursion" is preëminently a didactic poem. Yet the author has interspersed it with so much discursive description, has expatiated upon so many chance subjects, unconnected by the slightest band of unity, that it is brought into more intimate relations with "The Task" than with any other poem in the language. But Wordsworth's great poem compares most favorably with the "Essay on Man," which, though resembling it in design, is entirely devoid of imaginative embodiment and poetic execution. The "Essay" is simply a dissertation upon abstract ethics, with here and there an imaginative effort, for the purpose rather of illustrating the argument than of awakening sentiment. But Wordsworth prefers enlisting the sympathies to convincing the intellect. He is more concerned in inculcating

delicate sensibility, lofty emotion, moral worth, and purity of feeling, than in challenging the admiration of his contemporaries by any display of dialectic skill. In this particular he is somewhat allied to Cowper, whose highest aim was to blend morality with his manifold descriptions of external nature. But Cowper never endeavored to display the spirituality of nature until he had embodied it in a kind of ideal existence. Wordsworth, however, would have the mind purified by sympathy with the sufferings of humanity, and would lead it thus purified, to ethereal heights, there to hold communion with nature, as she is invested by him with a divine spirituality. But the great blemish of "The Excursion" is the common blight of all Wordsworth's poetry.

His conceptions of human nature are too narrow and drawn only from a particular sphere of life. He has entirely excluded the loftier types of humanity from his writings. He has not endeavored to portray the profounder phases of passion, or to vitalize the energies of humankind in themes of lofty endeavor, nor has he attempted to illumine with the genial emotions of love the darker shadows of existence. He has, moreover, displayed in "The Excursion" a lamentable deficiency in that constructive power, which moulds the most promiscuous materials into a breathing organism by impregnating them with a common life. He is too fond of dilating upon the peculiar phases of his individual feelings, too little concerned in probing the motives which actuate others. Notwithstanding these blemishes "The Excursion" has many lasting merits. It exhibits an amazing development of the reflective powers, profound pathos and an ideal delineation of nature unsurpassed by any poem in any tongue.

"He has bound man closer to nature by a thousand links of association and feeling, and intertwined the meanest objects of creation with the fibres of the human heart."

"It is this interfusion of nature and the human soul in the substance of a higher spiritual being, that enables him

to hallow the commonest events with a feeling of the infinite, to move, as it were, in an atmosphere of sublimity by illustrating the splendid analogues which bind man with the universe, and merge both in the existence of God himself."

Turning to Byron we come to contemplate a school of poetry widely different from that to which Wordsworth belonged. The latter is a reflective, the former a representative poet. Yet Byron is a representative poet in a different sense from that in which Chaucer or Dante or Scott were such. Chaucer represented only that state of English society contemporary with himself. Dante reflected but the religious aspects of his age. Scott delineated modern, as Ariosto mediæval, chivalry. But the genius of Byron has depicted the past and present of all lands, the best and worst features of every people and age. In "*Childe Harold*," his hero is made to contemplate every scene connected with the greatest events in the ancient and modern world. Switzerland, brooding in her mountain home over a new social system for the continent; Spain, musing among the relics of her romantic chivalry, or weeping amid the ruins of her shattered thrones, beautiful, even in desolation, and sacred with the dust of kings; Greece, sweeping with mournful gaze the placid blue of the *Ægean*, no longer rippled by the prows of her commerce, or whitened with her sails; pointing with one hand to the classic landscape beclouded by modern degeneracy, and with the other lifted toward the eternal monuments of her genius—those imperishable conceptions whose material embodiment shall darken with the shadow of her grandeur the glory of future ages, and whose ideal splendors shall shine forever through the immortal progeny of art; Rome, haughty in her degradation, magnificent even in ruins, flashing scorn upon the Vandalism which despoiled her on the one hand, and on the Christianity which would restore her on the other; Venice,

tarnishing her mediæval glory with the sumptuous excesses of modern decline—all these the poet has embellished with the subtle graces of his art, with an ideality which renders their material subservient to their spiritual aspects, and displays the pigmy phases of the present as contrasted with the sublime cycles of the past. "In this poem Byron is poet, philosopher, historian, artist, moralist, antiquarian, and metaphysician. The soul is thrown back upon itself, its spiritual recesses explored, and the occult links revealed by which external objects arouse its passions or absorb its sympathies."

But it is not in "*Childe Harold*" that Byron has given us the best delineation of himself as connected with his poetry, and hence it is not from this poem that we propose to draw the material for a comparison between him and Wordsworth. In "*Don Juan*" he has left us the most faithful delineation of himself as well as of his age, and it is in this poem that he achieved his greatest triumph as a representative poet. He is, in fact, the only one of his class whose genius is sufficiently comprehensive to depict in the same portraiture the customs of various countries and of conflicting civilizations. Spain, Russia, Turkey, Greece, England, all appear at his command, and each has a place on his canvas for the customs and courts of her people. Piracy, sieges, battles on land and sea, state embassies and state intrigues, harem strifes, love-making of every description—all follow each other in unbroken succession in this wonderful panorama. The pregnant nobleness of Johnson, the exquisite susceptibility of Rousseau, the caustic sarcasm of Swift, and the contemplative meditation of Young—all shine forth from this noble poem, and come and go at the pleasure of the gifted bard. Good-natured repartee yields precedence to studied satire, and this in turn gives sequence to profound philosophy and touching pathos. Wherever we glance, we find presented to us an arena, in which are crowded a thous-

and figures, the offspring of the poet's fancy, yet so segregated and hostile, that it requires no powerful effort of the imagination to discover their originals in the external world. For we perceive, through all the tinsel with which the poet has clothed his creations, the sensuousness, the infidelity, the eager spirit of research, which dominate the minds, and direct the energies of a materialistic age. It is, indeed, difficult to determine which most challenges our admiration, the flexible vigor and impetuous flow of a chaste and classic style, or that hearty sympathy which he bears with him into every order of life—that universal desire for the æsthetic and the true, which that style is intended to convey.

Byron differs from Spenser in that the latter sustains us ever in the region of the imaginative, and never descends from the ideal to the actual. But the former has shown us in "Don Juan"—more palpably, perhaps, in "Childe Harold"—how readily he can soar from the real to the ideal, and how facile for him is the transition from the sphere of speculative philosophy to the material world of fact. Excelling equally in both these regions, he charms us by the subtlety of his reflections in the one, and by the beauty of his delineations in the other. Byron is a poet representative of his age, and "Don Juan" is the picture he has bequeathed us of that age. To some the poem has appeared devoid of aim. But we are convinced that beneath this disguise of seeming aimlessness, lurks a significant purpose and a grand design. To tear away the veil with which hypocrisy had covered an age of shams, to display the naked ugliness of vice under its cloak of morality and religion, to deride the sanctimonious pretences of a heartless conventionality, which would thrust from its doors the less favored portion of humankind, to startle a hollow world by displaying the canker gnawing at its social life, to electrify it by an insight into the depths of that spirituality of which it had as yet no adequate conception, to delineate the sublim-

ity of the external universe in its relations to the spiritual nature of man—these were the grand objects, the attainment of which Byron contemplated, and fully set forth in “Don Juan.”

In this poem Byron shows himself distinctively the poet of the passions. He has depicted in glowing colors the temptations of a mind unrestrained by religious principles and the fetters of society, and has depicted love in its most impassioned aspects, bursting with volcanic force the trammels of conscience and the gyves of reason. He has given us characteristic proofs of his genius, in that he has etherialized the material and grovelling in passion, and illumined its sensuous aspects with the splendors of Promethean fire. His heroes love with an infinite affection; their longings are never surfeited. In “Don Juan,” as in his other narrative and descriptive poems, Byron has shown his inability to systematize his thoughts. He could never impart symmetry of design to a mass of heterogeneous material. The poem under consideration, is, in fact, a collection of incidents, associated only by the fragile tie of the hero's name. Byron, moreover, was deficient in one essential quality, possessed by Shakespeare in such an eminent degree; viz., the power of evolving from his incidents lofty spiritual creations, around which should cluster the central interest and grand design of the work. In “Don Juan,” however, the characters are inserted between the incidents for the purpose, simply, of relieving the tedium of prolonged narration and exhaustive description. In his delineations of female character Byron has succeeded in giving us admirable types of a class. He was too cynical, too self-assured, to accomplish like results in his portraiture of men. In all his poetry, we are especially struck with the fact that the pictures he presents of his heroes are but so many portraits of Lord Byron set in different frames.

Having gained these data in reference to the distinguishing features of these great contemporaries, by reviewing

the typical work of each, it is not a matter of great difficulty to recognize their points of agreement and contrast. Both were endeavoring to accomplish the same result, but each in a widely different sphere. Both repudiated the school of poetry that had preceded them, which delighted to clothe the meanest conception in the most elaborate phrases; but the one sought his mission in portraying the reflective, the other in delineating the passionate nature of man.

Wordsworth entered upon his task with the evident determination of rendering every thought and feeling subservient to the dictates of the moral faculty. Byron began his career with a heart seething with the volcanic fires of ungovernable passion, which flamed up only the more fiercely on account of fickleness and hollowness of that system of society which endeavoured to repress its surgings. Wordsworth delighted to sound the depths of philosophy in disclosing the subtle analogies which bind into one common system the material and spiritual world. Byron rejoiced in exploring the secret chambers of the heart, in exposing the intricacies of human feeling, in depicting nature in its grandest energies as contrasted with its most lissome beauty, whether as manifested in the sublime bravuras of an ocean tempest and imaged in the "sleeping silver" of a mountain lake, or as displayed in the passionate surgings and calmer reflections of the soul. Wordsworth viewed the social system as the legitimate offspring of the moral law. Byron regarded it as the creation of chance. Wordsworth, while a determined champion of christian dogmas, propounded theories diametrically opposed to them. But Byron, who discarded such formulas, asserted convictions which gave them a substantial foundation. Wordsworth is supreme in the reflective faculty, though commonplace in every other line of poetry. Byron, however, being a poet of the passions, surpasses his contemporary, in that he moves in a higher poetical sphere, and embraces a higher range of

art. Satire, moreover, was Byron's most potent weapon, whereas Wordsworth was by nature incapable of using it. Wordsworth's reflections are systematic and introspective, illustrated from the common world of man; Byron's have their origin in the impress of external objects, and are trammelled by time and place.

Wordsworth was trustful, Byron, cynical. Each delighted to portray the panoramic phases of his individual feelings; but Wordsworth ever images, in the crystal depths of his reflections, those grand, generic sentiments, common to humankind, while Byron never fails to depict, with all the splendors of his genius, those peculiar moods which best reflect the idiosyncracies of his own morbid and erratic nature. Byron, moreover, by this very faculty, was prevented from giving us any adequate conception of the nobleness of man, or the chaste loveliness of woman. In short, Wordsworth was a devotee at the shrine of nature. His aim was to merge nature in man, unlike Coleridge, who would merge man in nature. He was accustomed to regard the emotional sympathies and domestic affections as the sole vehicles of inspiration. He held that the grosser feelings could be purified by communing with natural objects. He has imbued with his moral nature even the scenes he describes. The lily droops before the gaze with the coyness of his own diffident nature, the peak rears its head with the majesty of his lofty spirit, the purity of his own soul is mirrored in the crystal lake. He recognized in nature, man, and society, certain fixed and immutable laws, which bound them inseparably together, merged them in the universe and God.

But Wordsworth's sphere of thought was subjective as that of his predecessors had been objective. Thompson and Cowper had exercised their genius in describing objects whose natural beauty and grandeur were calculated to arrest the eye, and excite the most vivid emotions in the æsthetic

part of man. Wordsworth, however, depends for effect, not upon the impressive character of his subjects, but upon the ideal loveliness with which he invests them. To him the most material objects become instinct with a kind of spirituality and intelligence. The lowest type of nature has something which connects it with the infinite. And this idea which pervades his writings, may serve to explain how Wordsworth, dealing with the plainest themes in the simplest language, has, nevertheless, invested them with a potent charm. In revealing this delicate connection between the finite and the infinite, the material and the spiritual, the poet seems to have discovered a principle of life, in nature, that beats in sympathetic harmony with the pulsings of his own exalted being. The simple character of Wordsworth's themes, lead him, doubtless, to inaugurate a reform upon the style of his predecessors. His subjects would have worn with a bad grace, the ornate diction, the pomp of mythological allusion and the marching of rhetorical figures, with which the bombastic muse of Pope was wont to decorate his verse. Wordsworth, moreover, would have the grandest purposes of his art, and the loftiest aims of christianity, identical in his verses. Poetry with him must be estimated in the balance of ethical principle. He held in abhorrence Pope and his pampered school, and swept away, with supreme contempt, the drawing-room conventionalities, the elaborate epithets, and polished wit of the poets of the reign of Queen Anne, and substituted, in their stead, rural customs, homely phrases, and the supremacy of the emotional nature. The classical school so-called, had dealt in minute delineations of external objects; but Wordsworth investigated the laws of the spiritual universe, and explored the unfathomed depths of mind. He is neither a poet of tempestuous passion on the one hand, nor of stoic asceticism on the other. His verses are simply reflective; and the chaste vigor of his diction seems as a ready vehicle for

thoughts, beneath whose crystal depths it is not difficult to discern the calm underflow of a cheerful christian philosophy. He is the poet of the reflective faculty, who delights to exhibit the soul calmly contemplating itself. Like Goethe he trained himself to enter upon a great work. But Goethe obtained his experience at the expense of a few broken hearts, while Wordsworth gained his discipline more slowly, and with less costly sacrifices, from the noiseless progress of his thoughts. In the "Prelude" and "Excursion" he has nobly accomplished his object, and demonstrated beyond cavil, that in the reflective faculty he is supreme.

Byron, on the contrary, knew little of that calm, deep quiet of human nature beneath the storm-tossed surface, and into which, like Shakespeare, Wordsworth dropped the searching plummet of his thoughts. The unruly passions of the heart, which dominated his being, debarred him from the circle of the domestic affections, and shut him off from the enjoyment of the most ennobling elements of social life. He could never realize the mystic harmonies between the different faculties of the soul, as they moved in concert with each other, and the profounder sensibilities of the external universe, together co-operating to accomplish determined results, with an instinct as unerring as divine. To him the world was aimless, and his heroes, like the universe, were the creations and the sport of chance. He failed to discover, in the universal fitness of things, either a beneficent purpose or an infinite design. In fact, he did not hesitate to summon all the phenomena of the social, material, and spiritual world, before the bar of his prejudiced judgment, and to pronounce the whole created universe but objectless, and vain. To this cause is due, beyond a doubt, that inability which Byron has ever displayed for truthfully delineating character, for weighing human action, or appreciating historic events. The genius of Byron could well portray the gloomy features of the past and present, the

darker shades of human character, and the profounder phases of human passion. He could penetrate with undaunted vision the abysmal depths of Dante and soar in contemplative grandeur to the celestial heights of Milton. He could illumine with his impassioned splendors the murky vaults of Dandaniel, and brighten with his spiritual glories the lofty regions of Sweya. But his was not the genius which could discern through the shadows of present evil the effulgence of beneficent design, or cull from humanity's fallen temple the ivy still wreathing its broken columns, and the flowers yet peeping from its shattered walls. He was "singularly wanting in moral purpose, in æsthetic completeness, in that breadth of view which loses sight of no elements of human nature, but considers every object in its proper sphere, and which, instead of balancing all things upon the narrow axis of self, loses sight of its own existence in the ocean of being by which it is surrounded." The misanthropic character of Byron's poetry has materially injured his fame. Endowed by nature with talents fitted to sway mankind, he abandoned his sublime prerogatives to the aspirations of far meaner spirits, who, clothing their reflections in philanthropic garb, have been regarded as attaining a nobler eminence, though, in reality, they have never possessed his contemplative depth, or his ideal splendor. Wordsworth's influence over the minds of men is due to the fact that he has ever displayed a genuine sympathy with their interests, and a hearty love for their kind. But in these qualities Byron is notably deficient, and on this account his genius will never be duly appreciated.

In a word, Byron idealized passion until the soul was dazzled by the reflection of its own spiritual essence.

Wordsworth touched those chords which vibrate in the common heart of humanity, and bind it to the external universe.

CLOUD BEAUTIES.

Standing silent here together, in the golden Autumn weather,
And glancing, hand in hand, down the misty vistaed Past,
Tender memories come o'er me, and there pass, so dim, before me
Oh! so many mingled visions on Time's faithful canvas cast.

Glist'ning gleams of lambent glory, circling round some By-gone story
Glimmer softly on me, watching, with a sympathetic light,
And anon the mystic curtain veiling low the vague Uncertain,
Shadows with a twilight sadness Mem'ry's lofty mountain hight.

Brother, bowing 'neath your burden, longing for the after guerdon
When the cross shall be forgotten, and the crown be thine for aye,
Is thy wearied spirit yearning for the time of its returning
Unto Him who gave it to thee in the dawning of thy day?

Does it sadden you, my sister, looking down your separate vista?
Does your heart grow cold with watching? do your eyes grow dim with tears?
Is there not enough of golden sunlight in this weary Olden
To dissolve the shadowing sorrow darkly clouding thy dead years?

Comes there not one ray of gladness through this dreary gloom of sadness?
Not one star-ray piercing downward through the chilling Winter night?
Not one break in the cloud-covering, o'er the face of Heaven hov'ring,
Where the glance of faith can enter and behold God's glorious light?

Let us bury our past sorrow, pressing toward the great To-morrow
Whither crescent trust is pointing from dark yesterday's despair.
Let all selfish mem'ries perish while we, reaching forward, cherish
Only hope that each affliction will be compensated there.

Then when down the West descending, glides the Sun of life, sweet blending
All the shifting crystal colors of the beauteous Summer even,
We shall find, just as in Nature, that the day's end is the sweeter
When the glory of the sunset rests on clouds within the Heaven.

N. E. W.

NATIONAL INGRATITUDE.

*MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION, BY JAMES PENNEWILL, DEL.

In the various walks of life it is possible to meet with many kinds of men; with natures and dispositions attractive and repulsive. And as it is hard to determine the chief characteristics of a noble man, so it is difficult to decide upon the prominent feature of a detestable character. Envy, hatred, malice and deceit go to the making up of a thoroughly unattractive being; but beyond and above them all it seems to us that ingratitude holds a place—ingratitude that is base and without one redeeming trait or justifying quality. The man who can receive benefits at the hands of his fellow; who can erect a fortune upon the kindness and favors of a friend, and then with contempt submit him to the buffetings of fortune and the mercies of the world, strikes us as a man degraded indeed.

Ingratitude is the most piercing and penetrating weapon in the power of man. It strikes its victim in the tenderest part; its thrust goes home; it wounds the feelings, kills the love, chills the heart. 'Tis more ruthless than the cold steel of envy, more implacable than the strong shaft of hate, sharper by far than the tooth of a serpent.

Thus the friend despised and rejected is depressed and forlorn. And if such be the power of individual ingratitude, what must be the feelings of that benefactor upon whom a nation turns the cold shoulder and disdainful frown? And yet where will you find a truly grateful nation? When a certain great Frenchman died, his people erected to his memory a monument with this inscription—"A grateful people to her great men;" suggestive indeed, but what people is always ready to exhibit such a spirit?

*Published by request of the Editors.

For an example of America's base ingratitude and injustice, look back to the nation's birth, the nation's ordeal. Behold in the darkness and gloom two figures, two men assisting a struggling people. The zeal and fidelity of Lafayette none will question; but by his side stood another equally zealous, equally faithful, who in a yet more humble way was the protector and preserver of an infant nation. Lafayette and Baron Steuben accomplished the same object, and with what result? What rewards did they reap for their labors? How regarded by posterity?

Why even the American child is taught among his primitive instructions to lisp the name of Lafayette in common with that of Washington; of his fame the most obscure have heard; the learned are inclined to eulogize him to the skies; the rich would build him monuments great and grand. Whenever he visited this country the people flocked to meet him and bowed down in his presence. While he lived he was the object of admiration and love; when he died liberty-loving people everywhere mourned, and the American nation wept.

Such is the grateful tribute paid to favor which springs from greatness, from greatness embellished with a name. But now turn for a moment to Steuben, and behold the reward for unassuming generosity and humble labor. What place does he now hold in the affectionate memories of the people? As it has been with some of the greatest benefactors of the race, so also with him, and to-day he is either forgotten or ignored by those who enjoy the fruits of his labors, fruits which they hold dearer than life. But sadder by far than any neglect of posterity was the cool and contemptuous part played by the men of his own day. For although he struggled faithfully on, and at the end was found at his post, yet his name had lost respect and his deeds their glory.

When the unassuming disciplinarian had completed his great work; struck down the barrier to the nation's success; paved the way to victory and triumph, then that great particular star began to wane and lose its lustre, and became the most insignificant in the political firmament. Having sacrificed his all upon the altar of a nation, he was thrown at last upon the generosity of the government. He petitioned it for means and was heeded only to be spurned. Three States, however, were kind and just enough to partially supply his wants, and Virginia, New York and New Jersey are justly proud of it to-day. But in his last hours the aged soldier was left alone with naught to cheer, with nothing upon which to look, but a nation's cruel injustice. And when he died, but a few faithful domestics followed him to his last resting place; and then with his martial cloak about him they laid the old warrior down. No one discharged a farewell shot o'er his grave; no one dropped a flower on that solitary mound, but there they left him, with the tall trees towering like sentinels around him, and the wind sighing through the tree tops his only dirge.

A nation saved, the savior forgotten; a land redeemed, the redeemer ignored; a people disenthralled, the disenthraller unknown and unloved. Simply because his works were his only recommendation; not moving in regal splendor, nor adorned with a princely name.

This is but one instance of a people's ingratitude, one example of a nation's dishonor. And it matters not whence this ungrateful spirit may arise; whether from neglect and indifference, or from intentional disregard. For it is a reproach for any nation to suffer great and disinterested services to pass unnoticed, or their greatest men disappear unrewarded. And we can conceive of nothing more becoming an individual, or in keeping with a people, than to ever cherish with kindest feelings their great promoters.

But more base and despicable is that spirit which appreciates the benefits and wilfully disregard the benefactor; that takes advantage of the important service, but looks with contempt upon the lowly performer, the humble man; which would honor unsparingly the same person were he a noted and conspicuous character.

"The honor of a nation" is an expression oft repeated; but what constitutes a nation's honor? It is not always greatness and power; but gratitude, which is justice, is ever a predominant element, an important constituent, a prominent feature. Then why wield that other power, that opposing weapon which is of no benefit to the giver, and so injurious to him upon whom it falls; which is of no advantage to the former, but wounds so deeply the latter; which is so dishonorable to the one and so fatal to the other; which is often so sudden and unforeseen that its victim falls as the bird in air unconscious of danger, suddenly drops struck by the poisoned arrow; which is the axe laid at the root of the tree that has withstood all other shocks and the roughest storms; which is in short, but treason to mankind.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not."

DOG FISHING.

Night before last we prepared for dog fishing. The bait is moss-bunker, and the later the hour the better the luck. The lines, of course, are the strongest obtainable, and are made fast around a spile of the dock. About the dead and witching time of night, the picturesque scene grew perfectly enchanting. The narrow crescent moon hangs on the very edge of the horizon before us, sending a broad band of pale flame across the rippling waves. The water is loaded with jelly-fish and polyps, emitting a pure green phosphorescent light, glowing like molten metal at the least touch. Overhead the stars are brilliant with the milkyway. Behind all is darkness. There on the pier sit three black, silent figures listening to the strange, slow, solemn cry of a loon, that comes booming over the midnight sea—a sound peculiarly unusual and romantic. They feel the impressiveness of every thing, and, motionless, watch their gently rocking lines. Suddenly one bounds from his seat. He feels a jerk. The stout line whizzes like lightning through his hands. His companions spring up. They shout to him to hold. He, bracing his feet, makes a desperate effort. He succeeds. Suddenly the line falls slack. It does not pull an ounce; but he is not deceived. He hauls it in most rapidly, when just below their feet the waves break into fragments. The startled polyps flash. A great white glittering body shoots above the surface, and falling back, beats the water with resounding blows until it burns and sparkles like a seething caldron of fire. Then comes the great lift. The line bears it, and the monster is hoisted on the dock, flapping and jumping with a peculiar gasp or groan. Then look out for legs and look out for lines.

The others rush. One seizes a lantern, the other an iron bar. The highly excited captor holds him by the cord

from in front, while the other watches a chance to strike. Soon he deals a stunning blow on the neck followed by another on the head, and the dogfish is captured, measuring over four feet.

And so this scene is repeated over and over, with such slight variations as snarled lines, broken hooks, torn fingers, &c., &c., forming one of the most exciting of sports; known as "Dog fishing."

BRUCE.

SHELTON ISLAND, July 25, 1874.

FAREWELL.

O days of glory when the earth seems crowned
With unaccustomed royalty and grace;
When in a sea of emerald lies drowned
Old Winter with his weather-beaten face.

O days of beauty, when the Summer sun
Has kissed to joy the melancholy Spring,
And folding her within his breast, has won
A smile in lieu of tears and sorrowing;

O days of rapture, when the song-bird sings
And earth seems fainting in her ecstasy;
When every whisper of the meadow brings
Some half-forgotten memory back to me;

Farewell! Fond Autumn with her magic wand
May touch fair Nature's face until it gleams
Like gold; but dearer shall your memories stand -
O summer days, O sweet remembered dreams.

N. E. W.

CONCERNING NAMES.

In glancing down the serried columns of names in the "Catalogue," we are forcibly struck by the peculiarity, and at the same time the incongruity of many of the cognomens contained therein. Some are remarkable for the element of tautology, many for the inharmonious arrangement of vowels and consonants, while others are noticeable for their breviloquence.

As regards given names there is so great a degree of similarity that the bestowers must be accused of lacking originality. The cabalistic G. W.'s and many more serve still to keep fragrant the memory of our illustrious dead; and the Johns, Toms, &c., while "as common as the violet" are yet "as sweet."

Of course it naturally follows that we should quote for the benefit of the possessors of any such unhappy nomenclature, Mr. Shakespeare's "what's in a name;" but at the same time we would caution them to receive this generally accepted quotation with some mental reservation. Our "Bard of Avon" has not in this little matter been mindful of that consistency which he elsewhere apostrophizes as a jewel.

" 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy,"

Juliet politely informs Romeo, thus testifying that much lies in a name if it be the cause of separating two such fond hearts.

And scarcely any one need be reminded of him of whom Antony's lieutenant exclaims,

"——his name, *that magical word of war.*"

If we look at names in another light, with the works of the great dramatist still in our hands, we note a corresponding importance. Substituting Tim and Cressy, or Robert and Judy, for their well known originals and we

perceive at once an indefinable loss of dignity, and diminution in the *attractiveness* of the plays themselves.

Thus in respect to names Shakspeare appears to be an eater of his own words,—not only by the careful and suitable selection of titles for his *dramatis personæ*, but what is of more significance, by the speeches put into their mouths. The importance of names, however, has suggested itself to the most popular authors; and the choice of a “taking” *nom de plume* has puzzled the wits of many very witty writers, notwithstanding Shakspeare’s opinion on the subject. Balzac is said to have spent days walking the streets of Paris and studying the signs for names appropriate to his characters. Samuel L. Clemens, the humorist, while a pilot on a Mississippi steamboat heard a boatman engaged in taking soundings make use of the words “mark twain!” He immediately seized upon what seemed a happy combination and Mark Twain is now world renowned.

So in many instances the most successful “hits” (to use a slang but expressive word) have been the result of a momentary impression; as for example Douglas Jerrold’s “Candle Lectures,” suggested by the trivial circumstance of witnessing a group of boys at play.

To the importance of names we may add the testimony of that gentle wit, the “*Lamb* of letters.”

“What,” exclaims he, “would have been my fate had my mother christened me Nicodemus?” Truly should we be thankful for his escape of a name so dire, had we thereby lost those sweet, loving essays which have brought comfort and solace to so many hearts!

But when we ventured forth on the vast and mighty “sea of words” it was with no intention of “sailing the seas over,” but rather like those navigators of old who never erred in the matter of caution, we wished to keep in sight of land.

R.

ON A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

And dost thou dare
Come back to me, my child?
Nor dost thou care
For all my dreamings wild?

What weary hours
Of want and misery,
For withered flowers,
I've spent in vain on thee!

Far into night,
With brain and eyes aflame,
I burned the light
That was to bring me fame.

Upon thy face
I graved my other self,
While slow apace,
Grew I in worldly pelf.

Long nights and days
Of never ceasing pain,
My hopes to raise,
Yet dash them back again.

My soul is dead;
My hopes once bound in thee,
My life once fed,
But now, they too fail me.

Then dost thou dare
Return to me, my child?
Nor dost thou care
For my past dreamings wild?

B. E. W.

Voice of the Students.

GRADE.

It is a question worth discussing, to what sort of ability we should give our First Honors in American Colleges.

Of course it is something to be excruciatingly regular in attendance to every lecture, every exercise, every chapel; and to devote one's self promiscuously to the whole college curriculum as a first honor man has to do now. But should a college use its highest incentives to make such men? Is this the best way to foster high and original talent? Do not they conduct this matter of grade more wisely at the English Universities? There they give talented men almost unbounded freedom and legislate strongly in favor of anything like originality. And so their honor men are a perpetual glory to their colleges and to the world. They are freed from all the restrictive routine, and are not forced to spread their minds out over the whole vast field of human knowledge and endeavor. And so the men upon whom their first honors are conferred prove themselves worthy such distinction by becoming truly great men. For instance, take Cambridge, and we find among the Senior Wranglers of the present day such men as Sir George Airy, Astronomer Royal; Sir Wm. Thompson, Isaac Todhunter,

Prof. Tait, and Adams, who, while yet in college, discovered the new planet. These are all living first honor men of one university.

Lord Macaulay used to say that he followed the after history of every Senior Wrangler in his generation, and they all attained eminence. How different is it with our first honor men. Most of them sink into oblivion. In my small, and humble, personal experience I have known four first honor men from Princeton alone who grew old without having shown any ability during their whole life subsequent to college.

At Cambridge, attendance and deportment form no part of grade. Our course tends to the annihilation of the honor man's own character and particular bent of genius. If an American student excels most wonderfully in one or two particular branches, even the most important, it does him very little good in point of grade when compounded with some few minor branches which he is thus compelled to slight, and he is inevitably beaten by some mild youth who is willing to sacrifice all his private inclinations to the general course of study, and so prove good in all branches, and regularly attend all exercises.

Under our present system of grading do we confer our highest honors on the best men?

GEORGE.

IMPROVEMENT OF COLLEGE GROUNDS.

Nicely kept, and well shaded, grounds have ever been the boast of Princeton. Strangers are unable to repress their admiration of the lovely scene presented to their view as they pass through our beautiful campus, and stroll beneath

the wide spreading branches of lofty monarchs of the forest, which have kept their silent watch over Princeton's classic ground for more than a century. One of the most attractive features, to those who behold this venerable seat of learning for the first time, is the care and skill evinced in the regularity and precision with which the walks, and the college grounds generally, are laid out. As compared with Harvard and Yale, Princeton is almost infinitely superior to both in its external attraction. The above named colleges, each being situated in the heart of a large city, and thus being quite limited as regards land, are compelled to occupy all available ground with the buildings necessary to their rapid increase as popular institutions of learning. While Princeton, possessing the advantage of having her situation in the country, not only has sufficient room for her rapid advancement, but also has plenty of land which she can use in making herself more beautiful, and more attractive. Lafayette, having received new impetus from her active guardian, is making rapid strides in this direction.

Being situated on the extreme summit of a lofty hill, and possessing the advantage of both level and sloping ground, she needed little else than the spirit she has developed to make herself one of the most attractive colleges, externally, in the country.

The beautiful terrace in front of Pardee Hall, and the carefully kept lawns, which ornament, by their beauty, the whole institution, delight the sight of the beholder, and elicit praise and admiration.

Princeton might well learn a lesson (even) from Lafayette. Though she has done much toward beautifying her grounds, she can do much more which will tend to increase her attractiveness. Regular rows of trees should line the walks in front of Dickinson Hall; thus the lovely park in front of North College would be continued and the general effect much heightened. The descent from the Library toward

Nassau street is not so gradual that it will not admit of terraces. The latter would tend much to increase the fine appearance of the elegant Library, and would prove, altogether, very ornamental.

More care should be observed in dividing the ground into plots. Shrubbery should be set out along the most important walks. Even the little shrubbery that has been placed in the college grounds tends greatly to beautify the portion in its vicinity. The spruce, and hemlock, which adorn the fence between Re-union Hall and the Gymnasium, afford much comfort, and bring much pleasure to the inhabitants of the back part of the above dormitory. How much pleasanter East and West would be, if there was shrubbery in their neighborhood.

A great mistake was made in leaving the main campus disconnected from the one in front of Dickinson Hall, except by the walk immediately in front of the Library. If the whole space from the President's house to the Scientific School could be connected by walks so as to form one complete park, it would excel any campus possessed by any institution of learning in the country, that is, so far as we are able to judge. It is to be hoped that the authorities of Princeton will not neglect to continue improving her grounds, and not crowd what is to be done into the few days immediately preceding commencement. Let the grounds be kept in good condition during the whole year, as far as possible; thus giving those for whose benefit they are beautified the enjoyment of beholding them when they need it most.

B.

THE CHOICE OF A CREW.

Certain appointments in the college world may be advantageously made on grounds of popularity and favoritism, as in the choice of a room-mate or table-companion. Certain others may be made on the higher ground of moral excellence, as in the choice of presidents for religious societies, of leaders for class prayer-meetings, or of candidates for honors and prizes. But when morality and favoritism are made the criteria of fitness for certain other positions, it is time that objections should be seriously urged. When, for example, morality is advanced to compensate for deficiency in muscular power, and popular qualities for deficiency in endurance or skill, the question arises whether such modes of judging are not fallacious and dangerous.

The College Regatta of 1874 has been thoroughly discussed. Facts and fictions have been sifted until the latter have been eliminated, while the former stand boldly out. When we look at Princeton's position in the university race and compare it with her position as an athletic college, while convinced of the hopelessness of "crying over spilt milk," we may nevertheless learn some useful lessons. The facts which we notice as fit to be borne in mind are designed to apply to no one connected with the university crew of 1874, but are advanced merely as independent generalities.

There is one thing which must never be forgotten in a boating college. The choice of a crew should be made from an athletic, not from a social or moral point of view. For example a college secret society and a boat club are not necessarily antagonistic, and it is possible for a man to belong to one without being disqualified for acting in the other. Then, too, a man's influence with moneyed persons outside the college may help the boat club financially, but

it does not follow that for this reason he is capable of pulling a strong oar in a three mile race.

The sooner minor distinctions be abandoned and muscle, pluck and wind made essential requisites for positions on the crew the sooner will Princeton cease to send crews of five men to college regattas.

The captain of the crew should see that no prejudice mars his judgment in choosing the men. The unpopularity of a defeated crew is an evil more to be feared than the hatred of a few disappointed oarsmen. We look for better things next year.

PASSENGER.

THE UNIVERSITY CREW.

The regatta has at last taken place, Princeton has rowed, and, as many predicted, she was last in the race,—in fact one of the poorest crews that was ever seen upon water.

Is this the fault of the college, the committee, or the crew? We would say most emphatically not the college; for there is not an institution in the country which surpasses us in the facilities for acquiring and promoting good health, strength and activity. Our defeat must then be owing either to the committee, the crew, or both.

The University had some 300 men to choose from; a greater number of whom had never touched an oar. There were others who had acquired a very pretty *fancy stroke*; and strange to say they were the first ones chosen. It is useless for us to dwell upon the manner in which this crew was selected, as it is well known to every member of this college. There is, however, one thing we would urge. If we are to be represented in the next regatta let us choose men who are willing to work, anxious to become good oarsmen, and not those who, because they have rowed

before, think they know all about it. And if we find men who are better than those who rowed on the crew last year, let the old ones be taken off and the new ones put in their places. This is a college affair, and should not be run by any crowd or clique. The choosing should be made from the college and not from a select few. We would not impute the actions of the committee; we would simply say that it was either partiality or ignorance on their part that placed some men on that crew.

When a crew is chosen and sent to a regatta at the expense of the college we think it their duty to act as its representatives, and not be seeking pleasure at the risk of its reputation. It would have been better if our University had requested the Freshmen to row for them, or at least if they had profited by the example which this crew set them, we would have had better success. We cannot see why the Freshmen with only one-third as many men to choose from should have so far excelled the University. They had the same facilities for acquiring strength, the same water to row in—the only difference is the University had several more years practice in the gymnasium. If this is the reason we would advise them hereafter never to take any exercise and probably they may succeed.

We would not have our remarks apply to all the members of the crew, for there are some who are good oarsmen, and would have done much better if they had not had several passengers on board whom they were compelled to carry. But we would urge upon the students the importance of either choosing a good crew of working men, or devoting our time and money to some other sport which will reflect more honor upon the college.

To the Freshmen we would give our warmest congratulations, and if they work for their own success like they have for that of their class, their lives will be no fond delusion or poet's dream, but full of glorious success.

J. S.

Editorial.

We shall spend but little time in making our editorial bow, or in perpetrating the usual *thin* speeches of newly fledged *drivers of the quill*, but simply thank all those who have subscribed for and supported the LIT. in its new departure; advise those who have not to do so immediately, and then offer for the benefit of both classes, a few practical thoughts which we have been able to gather from our laborious and truly exhausting efforts to present our readers with a LIT. worthy the name. This is the second number of the LIT., as a Monthly Magazine, and while we regard as nugatory the *croakings* of those literary Jeremiahs who stigmatized '75's course in reference to this periodical as a thrust at the vitals of all that was venerable and sacred, yet we are disposed at present to acquiesce in the opinions and predictions of a smaller but more sensible class of persons who foretold that the LIT. would not, in its new form, be a very conspicuous *literary* success. It is a practical deduction which we in our editorial sageness, feel warranted in making, that the LIT. as a monthly will be a great improvement on the quarterly, simply because it will chronicle the items of interest and importance to our readers at least before they have become the whispers of legendary transactions, or the faint echoes from a traditionary world.

But an equally practical and *a priori* deduction is that the Monthly LIT. cannot possibly possess much of genuine

literary interest. Life is too short and money too scarce to edit a magazine every four weeks which shall comprise at once every item of news which our college world affords, and every flower of rhetoric and scintillation of genius which our college intellect can produce. We can publish a good monthly account of all that has taken place within the scope of our jurisdiction, with perhaps here and there a happy thought in verse, or a mature conclusion in prose, which some of our *literati* have been able to painfully compress within the required limits of two or three pages, but as for furnishing a fair sample of what Princeton can do in the line of Essays, Sketches or Reviews, that will be impossible. And here comes in that vexed and vexing question. Why cannot we have the two separate—a Literary Magazine and a Newspaper? Ah! gentle reader, the powers that be have decreed otherwise? But you ask, Why? That too is an unsolved problem. The untiring energies of class committees were worn out in the attempt to attain its solution. And our only consolation in this our futile attempt to fathom the inscrutable mystery, is that the ways of the *mighty* are past finding out. We must content ourselves in peace and hope for better things. If we are to have a deficiency in either department for the present let it be in the Literary. The college has too long felt the pressing need of a speedy and authentic source of college news, to now crowd in other matter to the exclusion of items which every one reads with avidity and interest. We feel that these remarks are but due to ourselves and the students of Princeton who might otherwise be wrongfully judged by the outside world as incapable of publishing a Magazine of real literary merit.

It is perhaps not very well known that the present board of LIT. Editors determined to throw open the pages of the Magazine to the Alumni of the college, and if possible estab-

lish a regular Alumni Department of the LIT. We have waited patiently for some voice from the past to speak to the Nassau of to-day through our trumpet, but no voice has been raised. Now we desire to impress upon all Alumni readers of the LIT., the interest which would be taken in articles from them of any kind. There are many ways in which old graduates can contribute both to the amusement and instruction of the students now in College, but we know of no one calculated to be more pleasant and agreeable to them, or which would be more heartily appreciated by all, than this plan of writing for the LIT. Some pleasant reminiscence of old Nassau in by gone days, some interesting fact connected with her past history, or the impressions of one who has spent his boyhood here in other days, concerning present habits and customs of the college. Anything of this sort would be highly prized by the Editors of the LIT., and enthusiastically read by the students generally; while a select article on literary, scientific, or other topics from the pen of any of our graduates who have risen to distinction in the various walks of life, would be a treat not to be estimated. We hope that in future we shall at least hear from some of our more recent Alumni, who have not yet fully cut themselves loose from Alma Mater's apron-strings, and if possible from any who may wish again to renew their filial ties by communing with their younger brothers.

Every university and every college possesses certain habits and customs, which have been handed down from generation to generation, until they have, in a manner, become sacred. Even preparatory schools, aping their elders, have, by habitual practice, determined and fixed certain rules of conduct for themselves. Most of these

customs are common property, enjoyed, and made use of, by the colleges at large. Many, however, are peculiar to certain institutions, where they originated, and where they are perpetuated. These latter, generally, owe their single-college existence to local peculiarities which make them exceedingly interesting, and dear to their followers, but which are rendered stupid, and dull to others, by inappreciation, or non-comprehension of their point. These things are true, not only of American, but of European institutions of learning. As American students have, or have had, their rushes, cane-fights, and hazing—their class caps and dress, unique dialects, andsprees; so the Englishman has, or has had, his “town and gown” rows, hazing in of tutors, and fagging system—his gown and cap, scouts, and wine suppers; so the German has, or has had, his lager beer bouts, cheese and *sauer-kraut* wrestlings, long pipes, and code of honor.

A great number of these customs—perhaps we have mainly named the worst—are, we believe, productive of much good. They put the student through a peculiar training necessary for the rubbing off of certain rough points of character. They strengthen, and build up, on the one hand, or on the other, they deplete and tone down, they produce an equilibrium, or an approach to it. But we also believe, that a large proportion of these practices, if not barbarous, are, to say the least, foolish and unmanly, and should be done away with as soon as possible. Faculties have perceived this for years, and repeated efforts have been made by them to crush out the vile things. Thus far they have succeeded only partially, but there is a growing feeling among students themselves that things are not as they should be, which must eventually sweep everything of the kind out of existence. Our own college, though not wanting in its peculiarities of habit and custom, has, we are glad to say, almost freed itself from those that are most

objectionable. It is, therefore, with feelings of deep regret that we are compelled to chronicle the advent into this college of a custom, so utterly silly, so thoroughly rowdyish, so unproductive of anything save passion and ill-feeling, that it has been repeatedly condemned, even by those colleges who have been its most religious observers. We have reference to *class rushing*. We wish right here to unqualifiedly condemn the asinine freshness of '75 and '76, in allowing the Sophs. and Fresh. to lead them by their noses into a class rush, some two weeks since, and thus establish a precedent for this abominable practice. How noble, and patriotic it was for them to assist the lower classes in the disgraceful row. How delightful it must have been for Dignity to affiliate with notorious Rowdyism, and Hauteur to link arms with weak, unsophisticated Greenness, and then rush forward, a solid phalanx, to meet each other with a crash. How agreeable were the hard knocks, the fierce punches, and terrific bumpings. How dignified looked the knocked-in hats, the torn clothes, the dirty, dusty faces and hands, and the demoralized general appearance, after the affair was ended. How excruciatingly pleasant were the cuts, scratches, bruises, and stiff limbs, discovered the next morning, after all excitement had died away. How glorious the whole affair, considering the end it accomplished. Come, come, gentlemen of the upper classes, you are forgetting yourselves. Is this the *souvenir* you wish to leave Alma Mater? Read and consider, and ponder upon what Yale, who is earnestly striving to undo what you are trying to do, says through one of her best organs. We quote from the *Courant* dated Sept. 19th.

"When it was announced that '78, in a class meeting, had voted by a large majority to take no part in the rush, it was pronounced by many to be the greatest thing that had been done here in a long time, and it was hoped that by this action the class of '78 had made for this rough cus-

tom a comfortable and timely grave. So far as we are able to learn, no one has anything in particular to say in favor of it except the worn-out plea that "it is an old custom and must be kept up." Now if any one really wishes to be "mashed," as a matter of personal gratification, we do not, in the least, object to his enjoying himself in this way. We, however, know of very many who are thoroughly opposed to the thing, because they consider it a pretty close approximation to rowdyism. Whether circumstances will be more favorable for the abolishment of the rush next year or not, we do not pretend to know, but we most sincerely trust that the classes which have already taken hold of the matter will, before they leave college, finish what they have begun. Would that our editorial fingers might write of the 'Annual Rush:' *Excessit e vita.*"

The Trustees have, we understand, voted that gowns shall be worn on Chapel Stage. Hence arises the question, will the Halls, on demand of the Faculty, furnish the necessary garments. We most earnestly hope they will *not*. These gowns are among the most valuable appurtenances of Hall, and should be used only on special occasions. In Hall they are kept with scrupulous care, yet there are scarcely any of them which do not bear the marks of too frequent usage. Was it not for Chapel Stage this usage would be diminished fully fifty per cent., but, on the contrary, their being worn there necessitates a frequent purchase. Therefore on financial grounds, if no other, we are utterly opposed to loaning the Hall gowns: If the College was destitute, instead of opulent, it might be otherwise. We hope the Faculty will see the point of this, and '75 may have the satisfaction of first wearing gowns belonging to the College of New Jersey.

Olla-podrida.

It has been, we believe, the unvarying custom of our predecessors before ensconcing themselves within the capacious easiness of our editorial chair, to salute you, gentle reader, with a most conciliatory, obsequious, profound bow. Now was this the task of Ego then, perhaps, it might be done to your satisfaction. But, alas, it is not Ego, but Nos. who appears before you. Ego, with his two terms of DeLortie drill, and his three years of Peabody opportunity, might, with a fair prospect of success, attempt the polite contortion. But Nos, like the Siamese twins, being at once a unity and duality would certainly achieve a failure. Therefore, with your permission, we will disregard this time-honored custom, and present at once, without any formality, what we have seen, and heard, which may interest you.

COMMENCEMENT.—Last year the exhibition of the Caledonian Games of the Princeton Athletic Club was so successful, that the managers of the affair determined it should be repeated. And so marked was its success this year, that we have no hesitancy in saying it has become a part and parcel of commencement. Saturday, June 20th, the weather was all that could be desired, being cool, cloudy, and hence delightful. A large crowd came out to see the boys show their skill, and muscle, which had the effect of inspiring them to some very extraordinary performances.

The programme embraced fifteen games, for superiority in each of which two prizes were awarded. In addition to this a gold medal, valued at \$50, was offered to the best general athlete. The entries for all the games were numerous, and much interest was manifested by the spectators. The exercises were begun by the throwing of a base ball, in which J. Mann and H. Beach were respectively first and second, the former throwing it to a distance of 114 yards, 1 foot and 9 inches, and the latter 107 yards, 1 foot and 1 inch. J. E. Burr and T. D. Jones were the winners in the standing long jump, the former leaping 9 feet 10½ inches, and the latter 9 feet 9 inches. The 100 yard race was won by S. B. Hutchinson in 9½ seconds. Putting the cannon

ball, weighing 16 pounds, was the next exercise, and was won by F. Biddle, who threw it 33 feet and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; G. Parmley was second best, throwing it 29 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In the standing high leap Messrs. R. Hill and W. Stevenson were first and second respectively, the former leaping 4 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the other 4 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. G. Walker and S. B. Hutchinson were foremost in the running long jump, the former jumping 18 feet $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and the latter one-half inch less. H. Beach was foremost in the hurdle race, making the distance of 300 feet in 15 seconds, while S. Robbins, who was second, accomplished the feat in 17 seconds. W. S. Cheesman won the first prize for throwing the heavy hammer, weighing 16 pounds, a distance of 106 feet 1 inch; F. Biddle, who won the second prize, throwing it 103 feet 8 inches. In the running hop, step and jump, Walker and J. H. VanDeventer were the victors, the former making 40 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the latter's 39 feet 8 inches. The vaulting with the pole followed, consisting of a leap with a pole over a crossbar at various heights, and was won by Theodore Sheldon, who vaulted 7 feet 8 inches. W. M. Dauerty who was second, accomplished the feat at 7 feet 10 inches, after several trials. The quarter-mile race was won by VanDeventer in one minute. R. Hall and G. Parmley were equal in the running high leap, both making 4 feet 8 inches. The hitch and kick, in which the contestants endeavored to kick a pan suspended at varying heights, followed, and the first prize was won by VanDeventer, who kicked to a height of 7 feet 8 inches. Beach won the second prize, kicking the pan at 7 feet 6 inches. VanDeventer won the half-mile race in 2:40. The last game on the programme was the three-legged race, run by couples the legs of both which were nearest each other being firmly strapped together. It was won by Hutchinson and W. Cummins. J. H. VanDeventer won the gold medal for the best general athlete.

The University Quartette and Princeton Glee Club, in the evening gave a grand concert for the benefit of the boat club. As ever, they gave entire satisfaction, and received the heartiest applause. The singing of Messrs. Allen and Fleming was the noticeable feature of the evening.

Sunday morning was occupied by Dr. McCosh in delivering the Baccalaureate sermon. He chose as his text I. Cor.; X: 31, and entitled the sermon, "Living for a High End." His effort was profoundly able, and claimed the closest attention of the congregation. His farewell remarks to the class were exceedingly touching as well as impressive. They will no doubt treasure them up long years to come.

Monday was Class-day. Every one of the early trains was crowded with friends of the college, and the town was soon well filled with visitors. At nine o'clock took place the Gymnastic contest. The gymnasium was occupied by a very numerous though not excessively crowded audience. The contest was unusually spirited, and the boys acquitted themselves nobly. No loss of interest was manifest on account of the absence of the usual prizes, although we doubt not their presence would have been not a little acceptable to some.

At eleven o'clock the class, as a body, headed by Dr. McCosh entered the Second Presbyterian Church, where a large and brilliant audience awaited them. The exercises were opened by Dr. McCosh, who made one of those pleasant and agreeable little speeches for which he is famous. His remarks received the closest attention, and were frequently applauded. The young ladies seemed especially interested, and when he made some touching remarks about "Nuptials with sons of Nassau," we noticed no small confusion even among those of uncertain ages.

Mr. Charles Bergner of Pa., the master of ceremonies, delivered the opening speech of the class, in which he, on behalf of his classmates, bade the audience welcome.

Mr. Bergner at the close of his remarks introduced the class orator, Mr. Walter D. Nicholas of N. J. Mr. Nicholas' effort did honor to himself and his class, the metaphor in his exordium being especially fine. He received undivided attention of his hearers.

Mr. Henney of Conn., the class poet, was next introduced and was followed by Mr. Alexander Crawford of Pa., class historian. The productions of both of these gentlemen were unusually good, and it is only to be regretted that they did not speak with more clearness and distinctness.

Mr. Deems of N. Y., was Memorial orator. In the beginning of his oration we listened with pleasure, and thought we should have a treat. But alas, the young gentleman didn't see fit to confine himself to originality, but rather delighted in showing how well he was polled up in the branch of a certain professor, and consequently pestered his audience with a dish of scientific hash, which made them feel somewhat relieved when he brought out the trite "I have done."

The present of '74 to the college, which they made through Mr. Deems, was really a magnificent one, and we have no doubt but that the Spectroscope will be the delight of those Scientific students who are here, and those who are to come.

The exercises at the church were ended by singing the class ode which, having been practiced for several months back, was rendered in an acceptable manner.

Late in the afternoon a large crowd collected about the old cannon in the back campus, to listen to the customary exercises held there. '74 in the arrangement of seats had taken a new departure, and a high semi-circle of circus appointments was the result. The end of better sight and hearing was thus accomplished, but this was, we believe, more than balanced by the excruciating uncomfortableness of the peculiar position which every one was obliged to maintain, and which was more conducive to elbow and knee sticking than any thing else.

Mr. James Scarlet of Pa. made the Presentation speech, and elicited roars of laughter, and rounds of applause by his inimitable wit. We congratulate him upon the absence from his speech of the vile, personal, vituperation which has characterized so many of the speeches of this kind.

Mr. Andrew West of Ky., was the class Prophet and painted in glowing colors the future glory, and success, of certain individuals.

Mr. Dersheimer of N. Y., was styled the Campus orator. His deep, powerful voice, and the plain clearness of his views, attracted marked attention.

Mr. Whitehill of Pa., Class President, gave the closing address making some very touching and beautiful remarks, and, while closing, distributed the wreath of bouquets. The class adjourned, after the traditionary Last-Smoke, singing their favorite college songs while leaving the enclosure.

The class-day of '74 was, on the whole, a great success, and we congratulate the class on their selection of committees, orators, and other representatives.

In the evening Dodworth delighted with sweet strains, the ears of the crowds which, everywhere, thronged the illuminated campus.

About ten o'clock the dead march, coming in sad notes from the distance, proclaimed the advent of the Sophs. And anon the loud despairing wail of the mourners was heard. And soon the ghostly procession was wending its way through the campus. Hours before, the place which was to the scene of such solemn pomp, and sad ceremony, had been surrounded by an eager, curious, throng, and when the head of the line approached its destination, it could, with difficulty, get within the enclosure. As soon as something like order was obtained, a quartette sang "Old Nassau" in a way that would have done credit to "The University."

Then followed the speeches, after which took place the fiery obsequies. We extend our hand to the orators, their success in the peculiar line was unprecedented. The costumes, and general get up, was also unusually fine. We have one objection only to the burials of latter years, and that is, they are fast becoming gorgeous, spectacular, performances which exhibit too much earnestness, rather than the jolly, rollicking, burlesque which their originators intended.

At any early hour on Tuesday morning, quite a large audience assembled to witness the unveiling of the bust of Ex-President Maclean. This event had long been anticipated with pleasure, and heartfelt joy and gladness were manifest on every countenance. Addresses were made by Col. Alexander, Gov. Pollock, and Dr. Cuyler, all of which were full of tender affection, and surpassing reverence, for "Good old John" as one of the speakers called him. The bust, which is exceedingly life-like, now adorns the library, where it will be looked upon with reverence by coming generations, to whom traditions shall make known the many virtues of the kind old man. Immediately after the unveiling, a procession composed of the Governor of the State, President of the college, Trustees, Faculty, Alumni, and Undergraduates, formed at the chapel, and marched to the First Presbyterian Church, where they listened to the Rev. Dr. Jacobus of Pa., who had been selected to address the two literary societies. We feel ourselves incapable of any criticism of the Dr.'s oration. It is sufficient to say that it met with the uni-

versal commendation, and approval, not only of the students, but of the many older heads which attentively listened. After the oration the two Halls held their annual meetings.

In the evening the J. O. Contest came off in the Second Presbyterian Church. We feel no small amount of delicacy in speaking of this occasion. We wish we could say the contest was of the usual high order and excellence, but can not. Most of the speakers seemed at their worst, and the audience appeared to be only moderately interested. To crown all the decisions were most unfortunate, and there was growling from beginning to end.

The competitors and their subjects were as follows:

Arthur Newman, Pa.,	(Whig.)	"The Discipline of Leisure."
John P. Coyle, Pa.,	(Clio.)	"Voltaire and Rousseau."
James Pennewill, Del.,	(Clio.)	"National Ingratitude."
Dudley G. Wooten, Tex.,	(Whig.)	"The Conservative Reaction."
John P. Campbell, N. Y.,	(Clio.)	"Literature as a Moral Force."
Samuel M. Miller, Pa.,	(Whig.)	"David Livingstone."
Chas. C. Allen, Mo.,	(Whig.)	"An Historical Drama."
George B. Halsted, N. J.,	(Clio.)	"The Grandeur of Man."

The committee on Maclean prize awarded it to Mr. James Pennewill.

The committee to award the Trustees' medals gave the following decisions:

Arthur Newman,	First Medal.
D. G. Wooten,	Second "
John P. Campbell,	Third "
James Pennewill,	Fourth "

Wednesday was commencement day proper. At half-past nine the procession was formed and marched to the church, where the customary exercises were held.

The following were the appointments for commencement stage:

Allan Marquand, N. Y. Latin Salutatory.
 Samuel R. Winans, N. J. Greek Salutatory.
 Simon J. McPherson, N. Y. English Salutatory.
 *William T. Wilson, Ind. Mod. Lang. Oration.
 George Henry Ferris, Mich. Math. and Physical Oration.
 James S. Riggs, N. Y. Classical Oration.
 James J. Chisolm, S. C. Philos. Oration.
 Alexander R. Whitehill, Pa. Geol. Oration.
 *Andrew F. West, Ky. Classical Oration.
 Henry E. Mott, Mich. Belles Lettres Oration.
 DeLancy Nicoll, N. Y. " " "
 Willis H. Wiggins, N. Y.
 John W. Gephart, Pa.
 John G. Reid, N. Y.
 Russell Cecil, Ky.

William G. Westervelt, N. Y.

Alex. D. McClure, Tenn.

*Augustus C. Canfield, N. J.

*Henry Huston, N. J.

James Buchanan, N. J.

Herbert T. Root, Ill.

John D. Cook, Pa.

W. F. Henney, Conn.

James C. Pigeon, N. H.

William R. Wherry, Pa.

Cyrus O. Dershimmer, Pa.

James H. Ross, N. Y.

William D. Neese, Md.

Thomas H. Atherton, Pa.

Charles D. Thompson, N. J.

Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Pa.

Edward K. Strong, Pa.

Edward M. Deems, N. Y.

Alexander Scotland, N. Y.

David Compton, N. J.

Henry A. Fuller, Pa.

Master's Oration.—Oliver A. Kerr, Pa.

Valedictory.—Charles Fauntleroy Whittlesey, Va.

Hugh C. Cole, Class '59. Marshal.

As soon as the orations were over Dr. McCosh made a few pertinent remarks, after which amidst loud applause, and cheering, the names of the successful contestants for prizes were announced.

The following is a list of Fellowships, Prize Honors, &c., conferred upon the various classes:

Andrew Fleming West, Ky. Marquand Fellowship in Classical Literature.

Samuel Ross Winans, N. J. Chancellor Green Fellowship in Mental Science.

George Henry Ferris, Mich. Fellowship in Math.

Alexander Reid Whitehill, Pa. Class of 1860 Fellowship in Exper. Science.

David Compton, N. J. Boudinot Fellowship in Modern Languages.

John Wesley Gephart, Pa. Boudinot Fellowship in History.

Charles Fauntleroy Whittlesey, Va. English Literature Prize.

James Julius Chisolm, S. C., and John Graham Reid, N. Y. Potts Bible Prizes.

Allan Marquand, N. York City. Science and Religion Prize.

Thomas Henry Atherton, Pa. Political Science Prize.

Mrs. Thomson's Prize to First Honorman in the Junior class, was awarded to Gustav Adolph Endlich.

Dickinson Prize, Arthur Newman.

Three best Essays, A. Alexander, N. Y.

French Essay Prize, G. A. Endlich, Pa.

Kant Prize, A. Alexander, N. Y.

SOPH. HONORMEN.

Biennial Prize, B. Green, N. Y.

Class of '61 Math. Prize, C. W. Riker, N. J.

FRESH. HONORMEN.

First Honor Prize, Adrian Riker, N. J.

School of Science Chemical Prize, H. R. Butler, N. Y.

The alumni dinner was eaten at half-past three, Dr. McCosh sitting at the head of the table. A tempting feast was spread out before the hungry guests, who ate long and heartily, before "enough" came to their rescue. Wit, fun and pleasantries, were the make up of the conversation and speeches which followed, and we doubt not the intellectualist was satisfied as well as the gastronomist. Thus ended the commencement of '74, long to be remembered in the annals of the College of New Jersey.

At a recent meeting of the undergraduate members of the *American Whig Society*, the following resolutions touching the death of Col. Alexander, were adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That the American Whig Society has learned with the deepest regret of the death of their late distinguished graduate member, the Hon. Wm. C. Alexander.

Resolved, That in his demise we recognize the loss of one whose high culture and ability we shall always cherish as worthy of our esteem.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of deceased, the society building be appropriately draped.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Col. Alexander, and also published in the *NASSAU LIT. MAGAZINE*.

R. KARGE,

W. H. BLINN,

W. B. GREEN,

Committee.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased God, in his all-wise providence to remove from our midst, our beloved friend and class-mate, Allen Starr Colton; and

WHEREAS, By his amiable disposition, consistent Christian life, and acknowledged ability, he won the esteem and affection of us all; and

WHEREAS, We most sincerely mourn his early removal from us. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we the members of the Freshman Class of the College of New Jersey, recognizing the deep affliction which has come upon his family and friends, do hereby tender them our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a representative committee of five be selected from his class, to attend his funeral services.

Resolved, That the members of the class wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, the *Newark Daily Journal*, the *Princeton Press*, the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*, the *New York Observer*, and that a copy in testimony of our sympathy be sent to his family.

ADRIAN RIKER,
WILLIAM LIBBEY, JR.,
HUGH S. STUART.

Committee.

INTERCOLLEGIATE LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—COMPETITIVE ESSAYS.—At the preliminary meeting of the Intercollegiate Literary Association, held at Hartford, Ct., Feb. 19, 1874, the following resolutions were adopted :

Resolved, That the standing committee shall arrange for a competition in essay writing in accordance with the following rules :

1. Three judges shall be chosen by the standing committee, which judges shall propose two subjects, determine the length of each essay, and the time when the essays shall be handed in, and make an award for the best essay on each subject. These judges shall not be professors or officers of any institution represented in the contest.

2. Each college shall select at its discretion three representatives ; if, however, the number of colleges competing shall exceed eight, each shall be restricted to but two representatives.

The undersigned, having been requested by the Standing Committee to act as judges of the proposed essays, have agreed upon the following rules :

I. A Prize of Honor shall be offered for the best, and an Honorary Mention for the second best essay on each of the following subjects :—

1. *Any Character or Play of Shakspeare, analyzed and criticized.*

2. *The Utilitarian Theory of Morals.*

II. No essay shall exceed in length 5,000 words, or five pages of Harpers' Magazine.

III. Essays may be sent from any College belonging to the Intercollegiate Literary Association—under the provisions and with the restrictions above given,—to George C. Kobbé, 87 Leonard Street, New York, on or before November 1st, 1874.

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
JAMES T. FIELDS,
RICHARD GRANT WHITE,

Judges.

June 20, 1874.

BASE BALL.—The first game played by our nine, since the last account in the *LIT.* was on June 23, with the Philadelphians of Philadelphia. It was rather poorly played on both sides, and disappointed the large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators which had assembled on the Princeton Grounds to witness a display of Amateur *versus* Professional skill. It seemed a prelude to the doleful music which followed in the summer. Below we give the score :

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Princeton,		0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	3-6.
Philadelphia,		4	5	0	0	0	2	5	1	0-17.

Earned Runs.—Philadelphia 1. Princeton 2. Time of game, 2 h. 15 m.

During last session the University nine had, with characteristic zeal, made many plans for games with other colleges, but, after various futile attempts to get the Yale and Harvard nines to visit us at Princeton, the idea of playing during term time was abandoned as a "bad job," and a tour resolved upon. Even then the nine reckoned without their host for the complement of men did not go, Jacobus being left on account of sickness. After many vexations, hindrances and delays, however, they started. (Oh that they had stayed at home!)

The first game was played at Hartford with the Yale University. Worn out by their long trip, and the harassing scenes through which they had passed prior to leaving Princeton, and still further discouraged by the consciousness of their weakness in the field, the nine fared badly at the hands of their well organized and disciplined opponents, losing the game by a score of 16 to 1.

Williamson played second, VanDeventer left, and Cooke '74 right field. The fielding throughout on the side of Yale was very good, as was also the batting, while Princeton was remarkably deficient in both. The score stands thus:

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Princeton,		0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0-1.
Yale,		0	5	3	0.	5	1	0	0	2-16.

Umpire.—Hastings of H. B. B. C. Earned runs.—Princeton 0. Yale 2. Base on errors.—Princeton 4. Yale 9. Time of game, 2 hours.

The nine proceeded that evening to Boston and on June 30, played the Harvards on the Boston grounds, defeating them by a score of 13 to 11.

The Princeton nine did remarkably good batting in this game, and it was to this they owed their success. The fielding, however, still remained far below their average. Bonner '76 played as substitute in right field.

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Harvard,		2	0	0	0	0	1	0	4	4-11.
Princeton,		1	0	0	2	0	7	2	1	0-13.

Umpire.—Porter of Boston B. B. C. Earned runs.—Princeton 2. Harvard 6. Base on errors.—Princeton 4. Harvard 5. Time of game, 2 hours.

On July 2, the second game of the series was played with Harvard, resulting in a score of 19 to 4 in favor of the latter nine. This was owing to the excellent batting of the Harvards.

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Harvard,		4	5	0	3	1	0	0	1	5-19.
Princeton,		0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	0-4.

Umpire.—Payson. Base on errors.—Princeton 6. Harvard 8. Time of game, 2 h. 15 m.

The same evening the University returned to Hartford where they played the Hartfords the next day. This was decidedly the best playing the nine did during the trip, but the umpire completely crushed all their hopes by two very evident mistakes which gave the Hartfords seven runs, thus making the game stand as follows:

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Hartford,		0	2	2	0	2	7	1	3	1—18.
Princeton,		0	1	0	3	4	0	2	3	0—13.

Umpire—Tate of H. B. B. C. Earned runs—Princeton 2. Hartford 6.
Base on errors—Princeton 7. Hartford 8. Time of game, 2 h. 16 m.

From Hartford the nine went to New York, where they remained the guests of Mr. Nicoll until July 7th, when the second game with Yale was played on the Union grounds in Brooklyn. The playing was good on both sides except the fifth inning, when Princeton allowed Yale to score seven unearned runs. Pell played in Jacobus' place during this game.

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Yale,		0	0	0	0	7	0	1	1	2—11.
Princeton,		0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0—3.

Umpire—Mathews of M. B. B. C. Base on errors—Princeton 3. Yale 8. Time of game, 2 hours.

The nine again returned to Hartford and the next day played the third and last game with Harvard, winning it by a score of 11 to 8, thus coming off victorious in the series.

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10.
Princeton,		0	3	1	0	1	0	2	0	1	3—11.
Harvard,		5	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	0—8.

Base on errors—Princeton 9. Harvard 11.

Laughlin had the best fielding score during the trip, while VanDeventer led at the bat. This did not, however, prevent Williamson from winning the prize bat for the best batting score of the season, his average being .391, while VanDeventer's was .329. During the whole college year Williamson made 42 base hits, average .403, and VanDeventer 43, average .364. Bruyere put out 184 men, and Woods 84, Mann assisted 66 times, and Beach 55 times.

A very exciting and closely contested game of ball, took place between '76 and '77 on Sept. 21, resulting in a score of 10 to 8 in favor of the latter. It was a really fine game and we congratulate the successful nine on their brilliant playing. During the game Jacobus was placed behind the bat, in which position he acquitted himself admirably, making several splendid catches. As we hear we are to lose our former catcher on the University, we know of no more suitable and efficient player to take his place than Mr. Jacobus, and we feel assured that with practice he will make a fine catcher. '76's nine are weak particularly on 1st base, and their deficiency in this most important position greatly detracts from their otherwise good playing. Below we give the score:

	Innings,									
'76,	0	2	3	0	0	2	1	0	0	—8.
'77,	3	1	0	0	0	1	4	1	1	—10.

Base hits, '76, 9. '77, 10.

The University nine, as newly organized is composed of the following men:—Woods, Captain; Bruyere, Jacobus, Laughlin, Bradford, Mann, Sheldon, L. M. Walker and Denay. Substitutes, Moffat and Campbell.

SARATOGA.—In the eyes of the average student, the greatest event of the past year was the intercollegiate athletic tournament at Saratoga. Every college man read with avidity the July newspapers, and the results of the various contests were known throughout the country almost as soon as by the spectators. So it is not with any idea of imparting news that we venture to describe that event, but only with the desire of perpetuating in a Princeton College Magazine the fame of a Princeton victory.

This last summer, for the first time within the memory of man, Saratoga was really enjoyable. There was plenty to talk of and plenty to do, for everywhere one met college mates and class-mates, and friends from other institutions. At first their numbers were small, but they gradually swelled until at the opening of regatta week, the streets were full of college colors, and the evening air was full of college songs.

Then the contests began. Yale and Harvard met upon the base ball field, and the assembled youth looked upon two amateur games such as they will not be likely soon to see again. We do not propose to describe Avery's tremendous pitching, or Bentley's beautiful catching, or Harvard's splendid fielding. The papers have told all that, and it has no immediate interest for us. Suffice it to say that many of the spectators received the impression that her catcher and pitcher won the two games for Yale, and that, with the exception of those positions, the Magenta field was superior to the Blue.

Of all the days of that eventful week none possesses for the Princeton man so much interest as Tuesday, the day of the Freshman race. All the morning and afternoon the road to the lake was kept dusty by carriages and busses and carts and farm-wagons, bearing people to the scene of action. It threatened to be a scene of inaction, for a wind swept down from Snake Hill, and the waves which it caused would have rendered the race unsatisfactory to say the least. But fortunately it abated, and though the water was far from glassy, the boats went up to the starting line.

The start was very unfortunate. The Princeton boat had not got into position when the starter gave the usual premonitory, "Are you ready?" The captain answered quickly, "No"; but for some reason this reply was not regarded, and the pistol shot, which immediately followed, took the crew entirely by surprise. The stroke and No. 5 were the only ones to respond, and the boat was considerably out of her course when the whole crew got to work. This made it very bad for the Bow who found himself unable to use the landmarks to which in practice he had become accustomed

This wild steering was due not to any excitement, but to the confusion of the start.

All this while the crowd upon the stands were looking anxiously for the flash of oars, and when at last the three boats were made out, the most intense excitement prevailed. It became gradually evident that Brown was leading, that Yale followed, and that Princeton brought up the rear. As the crews drew nearer there was a change. Yale led, and Brown fell behind Princeton. These positions were held till within a short distance of the finish, till the hearts of Yale men leaped with joy, and the hearts of Princeton men trembled with apprehension. Then it was noticed that the distance between the Blue and the Orange was being suddenly lessened, that Princeton was sparting, and then the crowd stood up and shouted. Ordinarily quiet young gentlemen were seen to brandish frantic hats and gesticulate ecstatic arms. Enthusiastic alumni waved umbrellas, and ladies waved handkerchiefs. Harvard cheered wickedly and indeed most of the colleges seemed gratified. The crews were the coolest, mentally speaking, of all that concourse. Yale pulled steadily, confidently. Princeton quickly, fiercely. The distance grew ever smaller till the boats lapped, and just in time Princeton gained a lead of half a length. It is useless to describe the delirium which followed. How it became necessary for every Princeton student present to shake hands with every member of the crew as often and as long as he possibly could, and how when two or three were gathered together the "rocket" was the only means adequate to the expression of their emotions.

That night the race was the one absorbing topic, and three interesting conclusions were very generally drawn from its results: 1st, that Princeton could send out a crew equal to any other college crew of the same experience. 2nd, that the thanks of the college were due to Mr. Cross of '63, for his generous devotion to her interests, and 3d, that the canal wasn't such a bad place for practice after all.

The University race was to have come off on Thursday, but as we all know it was postponed twice, and not until Saturday was the water sufficiently smooth. It is to be supposed that those who went to the lake on all three days became minutely familiar with its general outline and the position of everything else within sight.

This grand regatta was much less exciting than the race of Tuesday, for there was but little competition. Columbia led all the way. Her flag waved ever at the top. The loudest, most triumphant cheer from the stands was her orthographic war-cry "C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A."

Such a scene of confusion as took place after the race is seldom witnessed. A great crowd congregated about the landing. Ladies, gentlemen, students, gamblers—representatives of all classes were there. Stripped, greeking oarsmen were shouldered by enthusiastic slaves, and carried up the hill. There were some that cheered and some that "groaned." Triumph, chagrin, animosity were plainly legible on many faces there, and it is to be regretted that

so many gave them such free expression. It is to be regretted that ill-feeling and ungentelemanly, unpardonable words should have marred the memory of that splendid day.

But, however high the rivalry ran in certain quarters, none were jealous of Columbia's honors. All congratulated her, all seemed glad that she had done so well. Her crew and her students generally may be proud that their victory, though envied, was ungrudged.

Princeton's rank was not unexpected. We entertained no hopes of victory. It were absurd to suppose that a crew of a few months' practice could successfully vie with experienced trained oarsmen such as most of the other colleges sent out. But it is mortifying to reflect that their time over a lake of glass was beaten by our own Freshmen who had rough water. The faulty arrangement of the men may in great measure account for this. It seems evident that when the three strongest row on the same side, the boat must either get out of her course or the three must restrain themselves. We hope and expect, however to see better things next year.

A few days after the regatta the foot races came off at Glen Mitchell. Mr. A. Marquand of '74 gained the second prize in the hurdle race, and Mr. J. H. VanDeventer of '74 the second prize in the mile race. The former gentleman had the misfortune to stumble at the last hurdle and was beaten by four feet. Mr. VanDeventer had been suffering for several days with a severe boil on the knee, which very materially lessened his speed.

Oh the whole Princeton acquitted herself with credit if not with glory, and we have every reason to feel gratified and encouraged by the results of the Saratoga tournament.

CRICKET. -- Several unsuccessful attempts have been made in years past to organize a club for the introduction of this splendid game into the athletic sports of the college, but we believe they have always proved futile. Now, however, we are glad to be able to herald the permanent organization of a Cricket club with a sufficient number of members to warrant hopes of its ultimate success. The gentlemen interested in starting the game in college, met in the Philadelphian room, on Friday, Sept. 11th, organized the "Nassau Cricket Club," framed a constitution and elected the following officers: F. Marquand, Pres.; J. Armstrong, Vice-Pres.; R. Johnson, Treas.; B. Henry, Sec.; S. M. Miller, Field Captain.

The club numbers at present about fifty members, and is constantly enlarging. Any desiring to become members can do so by paying \$1.00, and entering their names on the book. After constant practice for some time, an eleven will be chosen by the Executive Committee which consists of the Pres., Treas., and Field Captain. This eleven will then represent Princeton College in the Cricket Field, should our more experienced neighbors deign to play us.

The Cane Spree took place on the night of Sept. 22d. There was considerably more general interest manifested in this ancient custom than ever

before, Juniors forgetting their newly-fledged dignity to coach eager, trembling Freshies in the various "grips," "holds" and "trips" known only to the initiated, while Seniors even descended from their lofty height of condescension to encourage the already confident, expectant Sophomores by their bland smiles, and suggestive hints. The whole affair marked a new era in the history of the annual "tussle." The place of encounter was transferred from the rough muddy street to the level plot back of East, while the "silver moon softly shimmering" threw its "lambent rays" over the turbulent throng, instead of the scanty glare of gaslight which has heretofore lent a melancholy radiance to the scene. No one regretted the change, and while the grass was damp and the ground cold, yet what a transition from the innumerable *bumps* in gutter, and over cobble stone which though "absent" were yet "to mem'ry dear." We have never witnessed a more exciting conflict over canes than was this rub between '77 and 8. The Freshmen struggled nobly and their energies were not unrewarded, for it is safe to say they came off *second best*.

The most notable struggles during the fight were that between Houll and Williams which lasted nearly the whole time, and that between Nicoll and Reed. The latter was somewhat a contest for the championship between the two classes. The men were well matched and they fought manfully, but '77 was vanquished. A novel and to our minds disagreeable feature in the transaction was the "rush" between the classes, which succeeded the cane fight. We think '75 and 6 established a bad precedent and one which we hope will be disregarded next year. However, the entire proceeding passed off pleasantly, and to the general satisfaction of the students, and will long be remembered as the first Cane Spree on the *Campus*.

LECTURE ASSOCIATION.—Under its efficient and energetic corps of officers the Students' Lecture Association has been thoroughly organized preparatory to the coming season. Letters were written to the various popular lecturers during the summer, so as to preclude all possibility of being disappointed in obtaining the choice of the field. The result is that a number of the most popular and entertaining speakers have been engaged, and we feel certain that the course of Lectures this winter will be uniformly the finest ever delivered to the college. We urge the students to patronize the Association liberally as it affords the sole amusement of our long and tedious winter months. We would suggest that students will find it much to their interest to purchase Season Tickets, even should they fail to attend some of the lectures. Below we give a list of the Lecturers, chosen in the order in which they are expected to speak, so far as the Association has been able to arrange. The course will begin some time in October.

Hon. Daniel Dougherty, Hon. Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, Hon. S. S. Cox, Hon. Wm. Parsons and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

BOATING.—The University Boat Club held a crowded meeting on Wednesday, Sept. 16. After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting,

consisting of one resolution by Mr. Bolton Hall, the Treasurer reported at length.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—A. Alexander, '75.

Vice President—B. Hall, '75.

Secretary—F. H. Markoe, '76.

Treasurer—W. A. Butler, '76.

Asst. Treasurer—A. McCosh, '77.

It was decided that a committee of three from each of the three upper classes be chosen and that these form a joint committee by whom the Captain of our next University crew is to be selected. This we consider a much more equitable way of arriving at a settlement of this perplexed question—the choice of the crew. Here we think rested the difficulty of last year, and if the new system inaugurated proves the success it should, we have no fears of oarsmen being selected, who will not at least save us the mortification of being last in the race.

INTER-COLLEGIATE.—The Preliminary Inter-collegiate contest came off September 19. Though a rather disagreeable day the Chapel was well filled. There were only seven speakers, five having from various causes withdrawn from the contest. The gentlemen who spoke were as follows:

Dudley G. Wooten, Tex. Subject, "The Virtues of Radicalism"; Samuel M. Miller, Pa. "Free Thought"; G. Bruce Halsted, N. Y. "The Vanity of Human Grandeur"; Gustav A. Endlich, Pa. "Chief-Justice Taney"; Walter D. Nicholas, N. J. "Michael Angelo"; John P. Campbell, N. Y. "Intolerance of Opinion"; James H. Ross, N. Y. "Liberalism in Religion." The speaking was unusually good, and agreeably disappointed some who expected a partial failure. The result of the contest was that Princeton's representative in N. Y. will be Mr. Walter D. Nicholas of N. J. Mr. Nicholas fairly distanced all his competitors and we feel free to say we have never heard a finer specimen of declamation in college. We look for an equal success in the grand trial. Mr. Samuel M. Miller of Pa. was chosen alternate.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Professor Leue, who is arranging and classifying the plants of the botanical department in the Scientific School, says there are now over 4,000 specimens ready for use, the majority of which were obtained from Europe, and are peculiar to that country.

We learn with much regret that our esteemed Professor of English Literature has resigned, and will discontinue his duties after this session.

The Scientific School is now completed, and everything is in running order.

Professor Guyot has gone to Europe on a business and pleasure trip. He will be back about the first of November.

If anybody wants to have the extreme freshness of '78 fully explained let him apply to Annin of '77.

'74 graduated one hundred men.

SCENE.—Philadelphia horse-car. Noble Senior elect, accompanied by the beautiful young lady whom everybody admired at commencement, loquitor, "Conductor, let me out at 9th street."

Conductor.—"All right, sir!"

9th street reached. Conductor, (indifferently) "9th street!"

(Mildly) "9th street!" (Surprisedly) "9th street!"

(Shriekingly) "9th street!" (hoarsely) "9th street!"

(Despairingly) "9th street!"

He gives it up.

12th street reached.

Senior elect (angrily), "Didn't I tell you to let me out at 9th street?"

Conductor (blandly) explains.

Passengers (softly) snicker.

Senior elect (quietly) leaves car.

We have frequently heard of Cupid getting the better of *some* of the gods, but never before of his getting ahead of the old Nick.

Jim, whose cognomen is odoriferous, declares that he has eight bull pups guarding his grape arbor. Don't go near him, gentlemen.

QUERY.—Is there any hazing going on in the college?

A number of our Professors and their families spent the heated term on the Catskill mountains. They report a most delightful visit.

A '77 man being interrogated whether or no he was going to see Barnum's Hippodrome, replied that he had seen his hippotamus, and that was enough for him.

Τέ βρέφος of '75 says it is a *bona fide* fact that he don't wear certain infant garments any longer.

It is currently reported that our servant, who wears his whiskers *a la* English, had not long since the pleasure of attending a wedding and christening at the same time. How is it Jemmy?

When shall the wretched buildings which now hide the beauties of the scientific building be torn down?

The Seminolees have come in crowds to take Princeton.

Our noble benefactor, John C. Green, of New York, gave \$10,000 the other day to fix up the walks of the campus. Long may he live and prosper.

The turning of the campus into a pasture may be very conducive to the enjoyment of the bovines, but rather disagreeable to those rational animals who are compelled to *cut* across its smooth greenness.

It is earnestly recommended by those who pass by a prominent boarding house in the village that a certain Senior, *uniquely elongated*, put down his window shades morning and evening, which might assist in promoting the good order and decency of the community.

A large number of old graduates came back last June to see their Alma Mater. The spirits of the college were highly enlivened by their presence. Come again gentlemen, we shall always be glad to see you.

The irrepressible "Pop" of '75 was the last victim who looked peculiar enough to be taken for a Freshie.

Certain Juniors have purchased pocket dictionaries in order to follow the word antics of certain professors.

Sage advice from well-known quarters. Enumerate not your evanescent poulets ere they cease to be oviform.

A pretty country girl who lives not a thousand miles from Princeton was the other night engaged in playing Ah Sin's game with two '76 men. The game being prolonged until the "wee sma' hours" she, who was accustomed to earlier bed-time, was compelled to surrender herself up to yawning. Being detected in the act she said, "Excuse me gentlemen, I am not at all sleepy only a little bilious."—*Exeunt* '76.

Dr. McCosh at the Inter-collegiate contest made a funny mistake in saying that the subject of one of the contestants was "Paris Texas."

'77 held their first class-meeting some two or three weeks ago. It was more like a dignified senior class meeting than the usual boisterous uproarious gathering of Freshmen.

It is said that one of '75's youngsters is afraid of being seen upon the streets of the neighboring cities lest he be taken for Charley Ross the lost heir.

Lew. Walker was elected captain of '76 nine.

Nicoll '77 has been elected captain of the University Crew. We expected as much, and are gratified that a gentleman who carried himself with such honor at Saratoga should be placed in this responsible and highly important position.

The Class Crew of '75 have organized, and the following gentlemen at present compose the crew: Captain and bow, W. H. Williams; stroke, M. D. Wyly, Bolton Hall, Porter, Cummins, Bradford; Rea, coxswain.

A good recitation at Princeton is called "tearing one's shirt."

QUERY.—What would it be called at Vassar?

It is said that all great men have their moments of infantile fancy, when the sports of their childhood again obtain for them an irresistible charm, and alike the dignity and decorum of manhood fade away in the joy of their juvenile humor. As a full illustration of the truth of this saying, we quote the following extracts from a correspondence in the *New York Evening Post*,

written from Warm Springs, Va. Our readers will readily perceive to whom the article refers, and we doubt not they will fully appreciate the ease with which our great orator, after the fatiguing mental labors of college are over, after the sharp intellectual combats for which he is noted, have ended, retires to the peaceful haunts of summer, lays aside his manly bearing and dignified *hauteur*, and resumes once again the pastimes which delighted his youthful days :

"A tub race will take place this afternoon at half-past four. Entries can be made until 9 o'clock, when the lists will close. The course will be straight across the ladies' bath. A silver cup will be awarded to the victor. The tubs will be furnished by the committee. *Costume de figuer*, socks, pantaloons and undervest. All those of the guests who have attained the age of eighteen, and are in favor of an economical government are cordially invited to take part in the contest. Dr. Daniel A. Langhorne will present the cup with a few appropriate remarks. Admission free; children under ten years of age half price." The following gentlemen entered the lists: J. G. Davis, H. E. Davis, (OUR OWN JEFF.) T. R. Stone, Washington, D. C.; Walter F. Gait, William H. Parker, Richmond, Va.; J. D. Potts, North Carolina; R. Green, Richmond, Va.

"At the appointed hour the contestants took possession of their tubs, and the sport began. It was agreed that they should have half an hour to familiarize themselves with their craft before the real trial took place. Meanwhile the elder Mr. Davis (OUR JEFF.) had solved the problem. Securely seated in his tub, he was triumphantly paddling his canoe across the stormy deep amid the cries of 'Hurrah for Davis!' 'Go it Davis!' 'Davis forever!' &c. &c. But alas! just as he reached the middle over he went, and turning a complete somerset, he was immersed in the water. Time after time he would empty the water from his tub and attempt to resent himself for the perilous voyage, with invariably the same result—a somerset and the momentary disappearance under the water of both man and tub. Nothing daunted, he was, in a second, up and at it again. The wonderful gravity which he displayed in these never-ending struggles with the foaming and bubbling waters, as well as his dignified bearing under constant reverses, elicited much well-deserved sympathy from the assembled crowd of ladies and gentlemen. Soon they all got the knack of the business, and the contestants were sailing around the bath in every direction. Then began the races.

* * * "A wreath of flowers twined with laurel was placed on the head of the winner (OUR JEFF.) by one of the fairest daughters of the South."

Truly a touching and romantic episode—one which some future Parton shall weave into this great man's life, until boys shall find in it refuge from the scoldings of demure sisters and exasperated mammas, and learn in their early youth to "paddle their own canoes." The gentleman has always been considered rather *swift*, but we apprehend that when he takes the stump this fall his opponents may materially accelerate his speed by compelling him to recount the "Tale of a Tub."

A gentleman of color has entered the Seminary.

EXCHANGES.

We have received since our last publication the following exchanges :

Yale Record, Yale Courant, Normal Monthly, Acta-Columbiana, Trinity Tablet, Vassar Miscellany, Bates Student, College Spectator, Oberlin Review, Cornell Times, Cornell Era, N. Y. School Journal, University Herald, Iowa Classic, Hamilton Lit., Virginia University Magazine, The Aurora, The Volante, College Olio, Beloit College Monthly, Williams Review, The Tripod, Harvard Magenta, Harvard Advocate, Yale Lit., Bowdoin Orient, Irving Union.

The *Yale Lit.*, as usual comes to us laden with much that is valuable and sensible. It contains a thoroughly practical and well written article entitled *Lessons of a Year*. We are not very favorably impressed with the poetry in the *Lit.*, and think a publication which shows such evident marks of high literary merit in prose composition, should afford better specimens of the "lunatic art." The *DeForest Prize Oration* and the short article on the *Idyls of George Sand* are both fine productions.

One of the June numbers of the *Yale Courant* contains a picture of the Peabody Museum, at Yale College, now in process of erection. It is certainly a magnificent building, somewhat on the same style of architecture as our new Scientific Building though much larger. It is to cost we believe \$150,000.

What can be the row up at the Nursery near Poughkeepsie? Did the milkman fail to come at the usual hour, or Mrs. Winslow's quieting compound give out? Have the attendants on the little dears neglected the birch process, or prohibited that innocent practice called *thumb sucking*? or does the burly detective so annoy the babes that they must let their naughty passions rise? Something surely is the matter, else why does the big girl of the institution squall thusly: "Henry Ward Beecher says if ever again the world is punished with a deluge he shall start without delay for Princeton, that being the driest place he ever heard of."

The *Miscellany*, however, for July contains several well written articles and on interesting topics. Chief among these we note "*A Glimpse of France*," "*Famous English Letter Writers*," and "*Dickens in his Works*." Among the *Varieties* we find some very good items, several of which we quote:

Judging from the following lines on one of the most respectable ladies of Egypt, this age needs some more of those Holy-Land bears who made such notably rapid work with the children of the Bible:

ON THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

She took a little poison snake,
And hid it in her gown.
He gave his tail a little shake.
And did the job up brown.
She laid herself upon her bed,
Where she was wont to lie;
Undid her chignon from her head,
And followed Antony.

Recently one of the students was found under a tree asleep to her very finger tips. Upon drawing near her we discovered that she had been reading the *Harvard Advocate*.

A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said "She is one mutton as is small."

The Yale papers assume a very moderate and apparently fair position in regard to the disagreeable encounter with Harvard at Saratoga. It was a miserable piece of business at best and the sooner forgotten the better for both colleges. In speaking of our victory the *Courant* says that '77 "did the prettiest rowing ever done by a Freshman Crew," and that "Yale has no cause to be ashamed of a defeat by a crew which could do such hard and scientific rowing as the Princeton Freshmen."

The *Tablet* perpetrates this exceedingly witty paragraph, "The Princeton youngsters have retired to the raging canawl, to compose an ode, entitled 'Princeton, the last of a Race.'" Now Trinity this is rather unkind considering the fact that the authentic records of that memorable transaction have failed to say which of us brought up the rear. We would suggest as more appropriate, because it would give our brethren a chance to chime in, the subject. "We met, but missed *Them*."

"Flesh-pots of Egypt"—Sarcophagi.—*Ex.*

Will the *Magenta* please inform us how "gathering darkness" looks when it "golden gleams."—*Vassar Mis.*

Robert Bonner, Esq., has given Yale \$1,000 to assist their boating interests.

Ridiculous enough! A 200-pound poetess is writing about what she would do "if she were a sunbeam."—*Ex.*

Teacher in Botany: Miss —, "What is an oblong leaf?" Miss: "It is an oblong leaf; that is it is about the same length all the way."—*Ex.*

A Sophomore was rather taken aback lately, when, on showing his photograph in the approved rembrandt style, to a near-sighted lady friend, she remarked, "How interesting! one of Rutherford's photographs of the moon."—*Packer Quarterly.*

A writer in the *Oberlin Review* begins an article entitled "*Infidelity an Indication of Progress*," with the truly laconic and refreshing declaration that "Infidelity has caused development of the mind." If, after reading the article a want of faith in the writer's sanity will assist anything toward his intellectual welfare, we cheerfully accord the required heresy.

A NEW BOOK.—We have had the pleasure, during the last few days, of reading the proof sheets of a book written by Dr. James Morgan Hart, a son of our Professor in English Literature. Dr. Hart after graduating at Princeton in '60, spent five years studying in different European Universities, chiefly German, and before returning received from the University of Göttingen, on examination, the degree of Doctor of Civil and Canon Laws.

After a service of four years as Professor of German and French at Cornell, he returned to Germany and remained two additional years in study at the Universities of Leipsic, Marbury, Berlin and Vienna. He ought therefore to be a competent witness in regard to the subject which he has undertaken to treat, namely, *German Universities*. It is a work of 400 pages, the first part in the narrative form, giving the writer's own experience. Part second discusses various topics connected with the University system, with practical suggestions for American students contemplating study abroad. The marked feature of the book is its clearness. Seemingly any child could take it up and at once comprehend the writer's views. Noticeably fine too, are the descriptions of places and incidents, manners and customs. The writer has the happy faculty of entering into the minutest details without tiring the reader, and thus giving a most correct idea of the subject in hand.

The comparison between English, American and German Universities presents many novel and original ideas, though we doubt not they will be severely criticised by our English cousins. The writer's personal experience and his practical hints, are invaluable to students going abroad. We predict a cordial welcome of the book by the reading public, and earnestly recommend it to our fellow-students who wish to know something of German Universities.

PERSONAL.

'24, Col. William C. Alexander, long distinguished in New Jersey politics, and for many years past the President of the Equitable Life Assurance Co., of New York, the largest and most successful enterprise of the kind in the United States, died suddenly in August last.

'60, James W. Alexander, Jr., Nephew of the foregoing, has been advanced to the Vice Presidency of the Equitable, in the changes which have taken place since the death of the late President. The position is one of great responsibility and value.

'72, Martin, Appointed teacher of Latin and Greek in Jersey City High School.

'72, J. A. Lyon, Jr., Prof. of Math. in the York Collegiate Institute, Pa.

'72, Richmond Pierson, U. S. Consul, Liege, Belgium.

'72, Tobe Johnson, Vice-Consul, Liege, Belgium.

'72, Davis, Practising Law in St. Louis.

'72, Nesbit, In Business, St. Louis.

'73, Davis, "Ray." Running flour mill in St. Louis.

'73, Switzer, Studying Law in St. Louis.

'73, C. F. Carr, Studying Law in Lexington, Ky., and testing the efficacy of his favorite maxim, "Be virtuous and you'll be happy."

'73, Adams, The following letter explains itself:

Vinita, Indian Territory. Wednesday Night, Sept. 16th.

DEAR EDS.: Out to these Western wilds where for weeks I have been roaming, there came to-day an invitation to be present to-night in Philada., at the wedding of W. S. Little of '69. Such a message in this place and at a time when I was preparing myself and a *mustang* pony for a hunt on the prairie was, you may imagine, an incident calculated to turn my thoughts back to my college days, and while my pony bore me westward over these rolling prairie hills, I was in thought, going over the hill-tops of time and backward to the eastern land. And to-night I thought I would tell you of Little's wedding, and add, should you care to know, that Adams of '73 is hunting on the plains.

'73, Cross, Studying Law in Baltimore.

'73, S. L. Morris, Practising Law in Fort Wayne, Ind.

'73, J. H. Cowen, "The Wild Irishman." Gone to Europe to travel and draw inspiration from the land of his ancestors.

'73, "Big" Wilson, Starts for San Jose, Cal., Oct. 1, to practice law.

'74, S. J. McPherson, Tutor of Math., in the College.

'74, A. D. McClure, Been lecturing during the summer on "Macbeth," and Dickens. Now teaching school.

'74, Atherton, Notary Public, and studying law at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

'74, J. H. Ross, In the Seminary.

'74, W. D. Nicholas, In the Seminary. Theology plays the hand-maid to matrimony.

'74, W. H. Wiggins, Has relinquished his Senatorial aspirations and is becoming one of the "meek and lowly" under the subduing influence of Seminole haunts.

'74, "Sister" Reid and "Pop" Neese, In the Seminary awaiting the completion of the family circle.

'74, "Mr. A. R. Whitehill of Beaver Falls, is off for a trip to Europe to attend college at Berlin. He gives promise of a good scholar and thoroughly accomplished gentleman."—*Bearer Valley News*.

'74, Orestes Cook, Preparing to become "a limb of the law," while his own limbs are still encased in the traditionary pantaloons.

'74, J. W. Gephart, Reading Law in Bellefonte, Pa.

'74, S. R. Winans, Pursuing his studies in Princeton.

'75, J. Calvin Rayburn has returned to his 'customed walks among the "coons" and languishes in the fond embraces of his fellow Pagodians.

'75, Cheesman, Went to Saratoga, but failed to see the Fresh. race owing to his strong literary proclivities. Was reading "The Newcombs" and forgot all about it.

'75, Irving, Pursuing a Post-graduate course at Harvard.

'76, C. Fulton, Reading Law at Dover, Del.

'76, "Doctor" Green, In '77 at Yale.

'76, Sloan, Going to begin Law at Washington, D. C.

'76, Wm. Allen Butler, Jr., Acted as *chaperon* to President Grant at Saratoga.